

INTERIM

VOLUME 3

1947

NUMBER 1

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INTERIM: 1536 Shenandoah Drive, Seattle 2, Wash. Subscription: \$1.50 per year. Copyright 1947, by A. Wilber Stevens. Printed in the U. S. A. Gateway Printing Company, Seattle, Washington. Manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by stamped self-addressed envelopes.

Editor's Note

With the commencement of Volume III, INTERIM renews its faith in the belief that the best writing of our time is the writing which is least publicized and the longest remembered. We will continue to hold to a policy, which is cosmopolitan in scope, embracing no particular faction, but simply being conscientious in deciphering creatively the vagaries of our time. Only in this way are we able to regard literature as a whole thing—not one branch of a tree waving its leaves in the wind.

A. W. S.

Death of the Tiger

Once upon a time there was a circus tiger who was not really a tiger at all, but only a large cat whom the owner of the circus had painted stripes on so that he would not have to buy a real tiger because he was afraid of them. But being in the cage that was very clearly marked: TIGER—BEWARE, the cat really began to believe that she was a real tiger and she made the loudest and most terrifying noises that she could and the owner was naturally very proud of her. But one day, the owner, wearing a tall, black hat, to show that he was the owner and of course, the most powerful person there, went into the cage with the cat he did not think was a tiger, but the cat had been a tiger so long she ate the owner wearing the tall, black hat and from that time on, no one at all, not even the painter, doubted that she was a tiger and she roared and roared and all the little children would be frightened when they passed her cage, and their mothers and fathers would read the sign on top of the cage that read: TIGER—BEWARE.

She wasn't the same tiger in the beginning. Not exactly anyway. And her name was Barbara that sounded so clean and fresh.

She was very beautiful. Men had always told her that she was beautiful, and she would stand in front of her mirror at night before going to bed. Naked. And she would lift her breasts slightly in the cupped palms of her hands, standing there in front of the mirror at night. Being awake and she'd smile and feel warm. Longing for a moment of bodies in which she could break the knot that knawed at her desires until she could hardly stand. But Barbara was a name that sounded clean and fresh and she was Barbara. Even at night, standing there in front of the mirror. Naked and warm that way.

She did not love any man. She wanted to love him very much, because he was what she longed for, not only with her body. But she could not find him because always there were the big sad eyes of the world looking nowhere, and all of the men she knew wanted very much to be him, but they weren't and there was nothing she could do about it, even when she tried. There was never anything there. She would feel empty and say goodnight and turn away and walk up the two flights of stairs.

She could have anything, but Barbara was her name, and she wondered if it really should be, until one day, in the street, a young man whom she had never seen said hello to her. And she said hello very quietly back at him while she stopped thinking about if her name should really be Barbara or something else.

They spoke to each other for a few moments, standing there on the street. There was cement and then there was the sky and the people moved back and forth, all passing by, unheard, unseen and to Barbara, not really there at all.

Of course she wouldn't mind having a drink with him. It was very nice of him to ask her. But she hesitated for a moment before she told him that she would because Barbara was her name and she was Barbara.

He ordered a second drink for her and they went on talking about things that slowly in the uncertain pattern of people's words, begin to reach closer to themselves than to the people passing by.

After they finished the second drink, he suggested that they might go dancing and they did. In some dance hall like the others where the music was slow and a chandelier of different colored glass revolved around like a lost moment in Babylon and tired figures were not half the dizzy shadows that were searching endlessly for circus crumbs in some forgotten night.

They walked for a while before he took her home. He kissed her goodnight at the door and she felt his mouth become a part of her and not be just the emptiness that all the others were. Their bodies pressed into a moment made of dizzy whiteness that eloped with any memory of being Barbara, fresh and pure. Or anything.

But he did not carry her away in any mattress-covered chariot off to the Hanging Gardens or some other dream. He said goodnight and he told her he would call her tomorrow. She watched him go. He didn't turn to look back at her as he walked down the street. She stood there with her back against the door, looking at the sky. But there are never any rainbows in the middle of the night.

The next day he called. They had dinner together in a small place where the waiter wore a costume of some country that she wasn't too sure about. After he served them, he stood leaning back against the bar, playing an accordion. Softly. Only loud enough to fill an empty moment with a dream perhaps. And being Barbara there with him, she was glad that she had let the others only spend an empty kiss or two and go.

It's a pretty name, he said.

She smiled.

And in any place where two people can be together, if there are windows, they can look out. Standing with their arms around each other and they can look out the window if they want to. They did.

There were many things to see out there. But all that she saw and her name was Barbara, was the reflection of his face in the depth that always fooled you of a window pane.

I love you, he said to her.

She said the same words. And they kissed and she didn't hear the music of the accordion because they were outside now. Thinking how if everybody cries when you leave, but you do not, then you are really a king, but she couldn't

be a king and she did not ever want to leave because she silently was somehow afraid that all the others would be kings and she could not forget how not to laugh. Even kings or anyone else don't really forget how to cry, she thought.

Yes, of course she'd marry him and they were married in New Jersey. They took a room in a hotel and looking out of the window, she could see fireworks chasing themselves all across the summer sky. They made her think of Coney Island and the Mardi Gras.

Once upon a time there was a lone skyrocket, a very large fire-cracker, and it was lying on the beach at Coney Island in the Winter time. Some little children who had lost their way came by and seeing a very large fire-cracker lying there, they all wanted to light it first, so one of them did, and even in the Winter time when all the Mardi Gras is down in New Orleans, the very large fire-cracker reached up quickly for the sky and it danced all about, but no matter how high it would go, it couldn't reach the sky, and soon it grew very tired and it started to fall back towards the emptiness of Coney Island in the Winter time. Only one of the little children was still standing there when it came down, but he had grown old now, and he turned and walked in the direction of New Orleans, even before the fire-cracker reached the beach again.

They spent a week in the hotel together. It wasn't New Jersey or Philadelphia or Kansas City or even New Mexico City anywhere. Just the hotel room. Two people being there and being Barbara.

He told her they would have to go back to the city now. He was a gambler. She didn't understand. He told her that. Being Barbara and someone else in love and for a moment not really understanding why it is.

In the city, they had an apartment of four rooms. The living room was very large. But not the way she wanted it. There were four tables in the middle of the room and he said, of course they have to stay there, when she asked him.

Men would come to the apartment in the evening and they would sit at the tables, playing cards while she brought drinks in on a tray from the kitchen the way he told her to.

Night after night and it was a forever made of little evenings of the ace of spades.

Then one night he told her what the cards meant and that from now on when men came, she would sit with them. Laugh at what they said when they wanted to be funny. And let them kiss her or whatever else they wanted to do.

She cried.

He slapped her across the face.

Looking up, she stopped crying and she understood. It was too late.

And when the men came in the evenings now to sit at the tables with the cards and whiskey, she would laugh, not really laughing, at their jokes. She sat on their laps. She could see their cards and the men who came in the evenings would never win. And she would think of a reflection that she had seen and she could not forget it even when she tried.

A girl without a name sitting there now with them. Feeling their hands caress her emptiness, for her body had left her with her name. Now just the name of

Barbara floating up above even where any fire-crackers could reach from the boardwalk at Coney Island in the Winter time with little children passing by and growing old. *Barbara*. The name and the body that had left itself behind. Across the sky where there were never any rainbows in the night and shadows played the tired roles of clowns.

He gave her a gun one night. They were doing well. Some guy might try to pull a fast one, he told her. We're getting the big time now.

She wore an evening dress and she kept the gun in one of the deep side pockets where no one could notice it.

And one night when the gutters had drained off into the sewers and all the ashes were being collected to be burned up all over again in the same useless way, she stood looking out of the window, wanting to see if there was anything left in the night at all. But somehow she kept thinking about images on window panes that cracked when winter came.

She didn't know he had come in. He mentioned some figure that she didn't hear.

We've hit the sky, he said.

She thought of her body that had left her. And her name, the name of *Barbara* that was pure and fresh.

ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS BARBARA.

She took the gun from her pocket and she fired three times.

He stood there looking at her for a moment and not saying a word. Only the sound of the rain outside kept the moment alive. And then he fell. His body crumbled stone by stone.

She didn't look at him.

The rain was coming down, each drop alone, and still all of them together in a single pattern of themselves.

There was no music.

But now that the man with the tall black hat was gone, a strange feeling came over her, now being the tiger in the cage, but still not wanting it that way.

She saw the little children passing by upon the window pane. She looked at them. These little smiling images that had come all the way from Babylon. But when they turned to look at her, they didn't recognize her smile, and crying, they went running out across the night.

She called after them but they didn't hear her calling the name of *Barbara* that was fresh and pure, and the little children wouldn't stop. Now running on and on to nowhere.

Standing there now, she heard the roar of the tiger in the cage. It was out there. And she walked out into the night. Wanting to set it free and give it back its name.

And when they found a tiger lying dead on the beach at Coney Island, no one understood that, smiling, in the one moment immortal to herself, she had found the name of *Barbara* that was fresh and pure, and they were once again where fire-crackers couldn't reach the sky. And it was Mardi Gras.

KENNETH O. HANSON

White Bones Flower

But The Wreath Is Black

For JACQUES VACHÉ

*Lost in the native dazzle glass
reveals no exit where he left
no childhood curls cached
in a trunk no polished & precise
objects. Commerce increased
ships put to sea & hunters rode
for sport before a riotous intent.
The poet vates? He went west.*

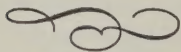
*See how they weave who weave
an orphic dither, chorus like virus
filtering to the stage.
"Save us save us from the waste
embraces, cold sea sequinned
where the monster is revealed, our eyes
wall eyes swinging soundless
with the fat fish. Save us!
for white bones flower & the tall
havoc may be salvaged after all."*

*Now is the headline plain
a noble but impossible pursuit.
He should have died some simple way
say falling off a barroom stool
surrounded by linnets.
Then would they weave black wreaths
his words at midnight's magic
shrivel to a pumpkin, private
Cinderella fleeing from no prince
back to the fatal minutes.*

*White bones flower but the wreath is black.
Skull castle racked by the raucous
gulls at empty sockets
he went west a cool & spendthrift
customer, the fool's gold mixed
with a fakir's relics let like blood
to purge the choler of the plot.
There are no wreaths for this.*

*Still is the wit coruscant, undersung.
Fancy the tardy flautist
taken with the jewels paste
& incredible, the spot lit race
extending its naked & perfect
perspective. Fancy the fool Phoenician
stolen blind, agog at the masterpiece
love like an ambered fly
where the toy man goosesteps
mechanic in the mailed mind
holding a delicate hat pin balance.*

*This lover sings not like the others
"Athens in ruins the silly geese mute."
Strange how the smirking sphinx
rented her tower, descended
by bulbed rungs the zigzag ladder
hung in the wind to couple with him
married & riddled & cozened in a day
a pint size joke for her quart presumption.*



EDWARD E. BOSTETTER

"Without Contraries Is No Progression"

Appraising the sources of Blake's mythology is "the year's favorite pastime" quipped the NEW YORKER in a review of Ruthven Todd's *Tracks in the Snow* which contains an essay on that subject. Certainly if we may judge by the number of books published, Blake is one of the year's favorite poets. In addition to the massive studies of Mr. Schorer and Mr. Frye*, Viking has issued *The Portable Blake* and Peter Smith has reissued S. Foster Damon's *William Blake: His Philosophy and Symbols*, the book which gave the key to the meaning of Blake's symbols and thus became the foundation of modern Blakean scholarship.

Now of course the publication of so many books in the same year is largely coincidental, and indicates not a sudden popularity but a continuous and ever increasing interest in the poet-painter during the last quarter of a century—an interest which has obviously not yet reached its peak. It also indicates the way in which Blake's reputation has steadily spiralled upward. The man who was considered a harmless eccentric or even madman by his contemporaries is now soberly discussed as the greatest poet of his generation; "and as the period continues to shake down," says Mr. Schorer, "this opinion will probably gain general acceptance." Mr. Frye would undoubtedly concur. And some Blake enthusiasts would, I am sure, go much farther and place him on one of the highest thrones built in the Unapparent for the "inheritors of unfulfilled renown." One is reminded of the spectacular growth of Keats' reputation which reached its climax in the thirties when Keats and Shakespeare were referred to casually in the same breath.

The interest in Blake's prophetic books (the basis for all modern criticism) was generated originally in great part by late nineteenth century poets and aesthetes, and nourished by cults which prized the prophetic books for their obscurity and "mysticism." Poets like Swinburne and the Rossettis saw in Blake a poet who dwelt apart motivated only by the holiness of art and who was precedence and justification for their own theories of pure art. Even Yeats who did so much to introduce Blake to a general audience refers to him as "one of those great artificers of God who uttered mysterious truths to a little clan," the little clan being poets and artists. The cults pushed this conception of Blake to the extreme; they guarded him jealously as a mystic poet who spoke only to the initiated (themselves) and who was great in proportion to his unintelligibility.

**William Blake: The Politics of Vision*. By Mark Schorer. New York: Henry Holt and Co. 1946. 460 pp. and notes and index. \$5.

Fearful Symmetry: A Study of William Blake. By Northrup Frye. Princeton, N. J.: Princeton University Press. 1947. 428 pp. and notes and index. \$5.

Hard on the heels of the cultists came the scholars who viewed Blake's prophecies with a practical eye, perhaps a little too much as cryptograms to which research and ingenuity could provide a clear solution. They dug into his reading in the mystical and occult; they fixed the meaning of his principal symbols; they showed beyond doubt that the poems were carefully constructed and presented a profound and comprehensive philosophical "system." But even so, they accepted the attitudes of the cultists: that Blake was a mystic, writing without thought or desire of an audience; that he lived apart from his own age, "an interruption in cultural history"; and that he can be understood only by the elect, in this particular instance, the scholars.

It is against this attitude that Mr. Schorer and Mr. Frye have, in one sense, written their studies. Blake, they assert, was no mystic either in the strict religious meaning or in the loose popular sense of the term. If he must be labelled, call him a visionary. The mystic seeks his triumph through a denial of world and flesh, through a separation of soul from body. He neither desires nor is able to communicate his experience which is beyond vision, is rarely achieved and is an end in itself. Blake, on the other hand, sought an integration of the physical and the spiritual, an affirmation rather than a denial of sexual love. His experiences were visions which he saw constantly and easily throughout his life; they were perceptions of ultimate truth in the terms and symbols of earthly life; and were no end in themselves but a means to communication in art.

Furthermore, Mr. Frye and Mr. Schorer insist that Blake wanted to communicate through his art to as wide an audience as possible, to all mankind, in fact. As visionary he was also prophet, and poet and prophet were one to Blake. He addressed *Jerusalem*, his last and most difficult poem, to the Public: to the Jews, the Deists, the Christians. He obviously did not intend it, or any of his works, to be obscure. "Obscurity" he had snorted in a note to Reynolds' Discourses, "is Neither the Source of the Sublime nor of anything else." He did intend that the reader should work for what he got; he believed that "what is not too Explicit" is "the fittest for instruction, because it rouzes (sic) the faculties to act." But to the end of his life he hoped for recognition and understanding. He resented being considered mad or eccentric and he would certainly have resented being considered a poet for the few. When Blake spoke of the holiness of art, he meant, as Mr. Schorer points out, the holiness of life itself. Art was for him the instrument of the imagination by which the way to salvation is revealed to man. Like Shelley, he believed that art was the highest utility. Consequently he would have demanded that he be evaluated like any great poet for what he had to say to all men, not simply to poets, artists, or scholars.

Nor should he be considered as an isolated phenomenon, writing apart from the main traditions of English literature and thought. It is true that he had almost no contact with his great contemporaries; "to measure the full depth of

Blake's alienation from his age is impossible," as Mr. Kazin says. But physical isolation does not mean that he lived in a cultural vacuum, spinning his poetry from inward resources and visions alone. One of the valuable contributions of the studies under review is to reveal how intimately related the thought and poetry of Blake was to the great intellectual movements of the eighteenth century. Mr. Schorer examines in detail the relation of the poet and his thought to the social and political conflicts of the age. Mr. Frye is more interested in Blake's relation to the philosophical and religious currents of the eighteenth century, but goes much further and in an exhaustive study of his symbolism places him in the allegorical and mythopoeic traditions that flow back to the Renaissance. Motivating both studies is the conviction that Blake is perhaps the most profound and important poet of his age, and the one who is most significant and rewarding to the present age.

One of the familiar generalizations about Blake is that he was a radical and revolutionist until he was disillusioned by the development of the French Revolution into the Reign of Terror, after which he withdrew into a mystical philosophy only remotely, if at all, concerned with contemporary problems. It is Mr. Schorer's contention that Blake remained a radical or libertarian to the end of his life. The evils attacked in his earliest poems—tyranny of government and religion, the relation of the sexes, industrialism—are the specific evils attacked in *Jerusalem*. His attitude toward these did not materially differ from that of Mary Wolstonecraft, Godwin, and Paine. And his conception of paradise, of the fall of man, and of the millenium—even when placed within the complicated religious system of the last poems—have political implications that are paralleled by Godwin's and Shelley's conception of progress toward Utopia upon earth. In his vision of the Last Judgment in the *Four Zoas*, "he has given us surely no glimpse of heaven," says Mr. Schorer, "but, once more a vision of 'this world made better'." If Blake's millennial hopes did not have an object in the world, much in Blake's philosophy would be meaningless, argues Mr. Schorer.

Behind the evils of this world, in Blake's mind, towered the grim spectres of Locke and Newton. The fall of man, he believed, had resulted in his enslavement by reason and the natural universe which is the externalization of reason and these had introduced error which was evil. Locke and Newton had promulgated a doctrine of reason and a rational universe which had contributed to the enslavement of man, and sanctioned and motivated the spread of the specific evils of the eighteenth century, and threatened the ultimate destruction of man. The emancipation of man, his redemption, is to be achieved by the triumph of the imagination over the reason. The imagination is the divine, the creative power which identifies error, sees through the appearance of things to the reality and envisions man as he should be. It expresses itself most fully in art; but it is made manifest in individuals through energy and love. One form

energy takes is the revolutionary spirit which overthrows external tyranny. One function of love is free and uninhibited sexual expression. (The inhibition and perversion of sexual love by arbitrary moral codes was to Blake one of the worst social evils.) Through energy and love, the imagination labors to unite all the warring elements in the individual into a completely integrated whole, to recreate the unfallen man. And as mankind becomes a society of perfectly integrated free men, so the millenium approaches. The political and spiritual millenium will be one. Politically, mankind will be "an anarchy of love." Spiritually, individual men will be united into the universal man who is God.

This is the total vision in which religion and politics are one which Blake struggled to express within the framework of his mythological system. He succeeded most nearly in the short prophecies written before 1795 and in the *Four Zoas* which, rough and unfinished though it is, is probably his masterpiece. In the later books the religious vision dominated, and, as he attempted more and more desperately to express the conflicting states of the individual mind in relation to the unity of the universal mind, his system became so swollen that at last it overwhelmed and destroyed his poetry. Symbols were lost in the rush of rhetoric; forms were engulfed in the chaos of vision. In abandoning himself to vision, Blake triumphed over his world; but at the same time he became "one of the greatest casualties in the history of poetry, perhaps the greatest." For his supreme poetic achievements, Mr. Schorer believes, we must look to the great lyrics written before he developed a system, and to fragments of the prophecies. Blake was greatest as a poet, in other words, when his political and social insights dominated.

There is much more to Mr. Schorer's book than this brief survey would indicate. There is a valuable chapter on Blake's relation to the revolutionary movements and leaders at the turn of the century. There are illuminating chapters on "The Necessity of Myth" in society as well as in art; on mysticism; and on the sources and use of metaphor in Blake's poetry. Whenever possible Mr. Schorer compares and contrasts Blake's poetry and thought with modern poetry such as Yeats' and modern theories such as Freudianism. He also compares Blake with his great Romantic contemporaries, though not nearly so often as he might, and usually not to their credit. In particular, he is rough on Shelley ("an invertebrate effeminate temper that wrapped itself in the veils of a sickly reverie"); he is obviously irritated that a person like Shelley should have a social philosophy so similar in origin and expression to Blake's. Sometimes he tumbles into extremely dubious generalizations, as when he defines Coleridge's Primary Imagination as the perception of the everyday world by the senses as these are conceived in such a psychology as Locke's." His basis for rating Blake above his contemporaries seems in general to be Blake's concept of energy and psychological integration as the salvation of the individual in society, the concept in which Blake most strikingly anticipates modern theories. One would expect, by the way, from reading Mr. Schorer's biting stories of social maladjustment that

he would find Blake's greatest contribution to lie in this. In the sources and complications of Blake's religious vision *per se*, he is not much interested; at any rate, they have little to do with his final evaluation of the prophetic books. Nor does he attempt to unravel or explore the symbolism except where it bears upon the social interpretation of the poems; in general, he accepts Damon's key to the main symbols, and ignores the rest.

It is in this respect that Mr. Frye's study complements Mr. Schorer's. For Mr. Frye is chiefly concerned with the sources and significance of Blake's religious system and its symbolism. To him, the political philosophy is only one part and not the most important part of the whole. Consequently, his interpretation and evaluation of the prophetic books frequently differ sharply and fundamentally from Mr. Schorer's. Where Mr. Schorer sees the increasing complexity of vision resulting in artistic decline, Mr. Frye sees a simultaneous growth of visionary and poet. The one considers *Jerusalem* a monumental failure; the other considers it Blake's epic masterpiece.

It is difficult to give briefly an adequate idea of the scope of Mr. Frye's study. Perhaps the best way is to give examples of his method of approach. One of Blake's most frequently recurring symbols is that of the serpent, which symbolizes both the fall of humanity and the tyranny which enslaves it. In its first role, Mr. Frye identifies it with Orc, the revolutionary energy in man, who is often described as a serpent bound to the tree of mystery; that image is related to the enchainment of Prometheus to the rock, and the crucifixion of Christ on the cross. In its latter role, the serpent is the demonic dragon which represents "the tyrannical side of the Selfhood run rampant." As such, Mr. Frye identifies it with the Covering Cherub of the Garden of Eden, who guards the tree of life and stands between men and Paradise; with Leviathan and Behemoth, symbols of the chaos which underlies the cosmos; and with the Great Whore of Revelation, who represents the ultimate fallen form of nature or the female will, Blake's Enitharmon and Vala combined in the time-world. The serpent in a circular form with its tail in its mouth is a symbol of the zodiac, which signifies the unending, cyclic repetition of time. Mr. Frye then traces the connection between the twelve signs of the Zodiac, the twelve stones on Aaron's breastplate, the twelve sons of Jacob and the twelve sons of Blake's Albion.

In like manner, he develops the Orc Symbol. Dragon myths such as those of St. George and the Dragon, Apollo and Python, Beowulf and Grendel are "all images of the victory of the creative imagination over chaos," as is the struggle of Orc against Leviathan. But Orc is more than this. He has the characteristics of sun and vegetable gods. Like Adonis, he is a symbol of birth, death and resurrection. As a revolutionary force, he is identified with Moses, Samson and Jesus. In his fight with Urizin, who symbolizes the tyranny of reason and nature, he represents the recurrent cycles of birth and decay of civilizations. Blake divided history into seven major cycles: the eighth was to be the apocalypse.

Each of these Mr. Frye analyses from the point of view of the emergent Orc (revolution) who is bound and finally crucified by Urizin (social order). In fact, Mr. Frye suggests, Orc as he grows old becomes Urizin. Looked at as human history, therefore, the Orc cycles of the minor prophecies are Spenglerian in implication. So, as Blake's vision widened and deepened, he subordinated Orc to Los (the shaping imagination), and viewed the cycles in relation to the great framework of the unfallen man. Orc became Luvah, who represents in fallen man uncontrolled animal and sexual energy, the contrarities of love and rage. He stands also for war, tyranny and the state of nature. He is finally the suffering and martyrdom of the energy of life in the state of nature. In this connection Mr. Frye examines the relation of Luvah to Jesus, on the one hand, and to the pagan gods to whom human sacrifice was offered, on the other.

Similarly Mr. Frye proceeds to explore the other symbols, relating them to the great myths and literature of the past, and particularly to the Bible. The climax of the book is an elaborate study of *Jerusalem*. Where Mr. Schorer ruefully yields up the cartography of the poem in despair, saying that "if it had for (Blake) a clear set of associations . . . these remain unfathomed," Mr. Frye with quiet and terrifying precision sets about fathoming them, showing that there's no trick to it if one has a thorough knowledge of the Bible, and a mind like Blake's. In the end, the unraveling of Blake's tangled symbolism leads Mr. Frye to a provocative hypothesis.

"Blake's doctrine of a single original language and religion . . . implies that a study of comparative religion, a morphology of myths, rituals and theologies, will lead us to a single visionary conception which the mind of man is trying to express, a vision of a created and fallen world which has been redeemed by a divine sacrifice and is proceeding to redemption." The present-day findings of psychology and anthropology tend to confirm this contention, Mr. Frye believes; and a comparative study of the symbolism of works of art (and all great art should be interpreted symbolically) should demonstrate it beyond conjecture. In other words, inherent in the mind of man and in the symbolism of all art, myth and religion is the vision which finds fullest expression in the poetry of Blake. An understanding of Blake's archetypal symbolism becomes a means to the understanding of the symbolism of the other writers. For example, ours is a great mythopoeic age; and any theory of symbolism which attempts to encompass the work of Rimbaud, Kafka, Yeats, Eliot, and Joyce will have to draw heavily on Blake. But beyond this, Mr. Frye implies that in Blake is contained the truth which we today seek, the recognition of which would provide the cultural synthesis which might restore sanity and balance to our literature, if not to our civilization.

As might be guessed, Mr. Frye approaches Blake, as Coleridge approached Shakespeare, with a "proud and affectionate reverence." The visions of Blake are the visions of ultimate truth; they are not to be judged, but to be under-

stood. Any inadequacy is in us, not Blake. The prophetic books are the center from which all else radiates. Even the Bible becomes a kind of source book, an imperfect attempt of an early age to symbolize the truth finally revealed by Blake. Unfortunately in his zeal to clarify Mr. Frye often turns obscurity into confusion. In probing to the last meaning of a symbol, he sometimes destroys its identity by pushing it so close to another that the distinction between the two is lost. Or he defines it in terms of another. Or he will give it so many and such contradictory meanings that it is impossible to know which meanings apply at which times in which poems. The result is an eerie kind of double-talk. The same criticism applies to his relation of Blake's symbols to the literature and myth of the past. In his desire to illuminate, he blinds. There are times when one is reminded of Wordsworth's admonition in Simon Lee :

*O Reader! had you in your mind
Such stores as silent thought can bring
O gentle Reader! you would find
A tale in everything.*

Mr. Frye seems to find a symbol in everything. It is not that the meaning he finds may not be there, or that Blake did not see them there, but that in the piling of symbol upon symbol he bewilders and exhausts the readers, and hinders rather than helps in understanding and appreciating the poems. These faults in Mr. Frye's study are results of looking at everything from the point-of-view of Blake's theory of poetry. So completely does he identify himself with his subject that one has to be as thoroughly acquainted with Blake as Mr. Frye is to know when he is paraphrasing Blake, when he is presenting his own ideas on the basis of his interpretations. Frequently the reader feels uneasily that maybe Mr. Frye is Blake, reborn into the twentieth century, commenting upon his own poems.

"Without contrarities is no progression," said Blake. Certainly through the contrarities in the present studies there has been definite progression toward a clear understanding of his poetry and thought. It is unfortunate that the books appeared nearly simultaneously ; if either had had the benefit of following the other by a year or two, there would probably have been less overlapping in introductory and background discussions and more contrarities ; at least the later writer would have had to explain why and to what extent he differed from the other ; and if this did not result in further progression, it would at least have resulted in sharper and tighter exposition and therefor easier reading. This would be important, because both books are difficult going. Mr. Frye's is the more difficult of the two because he assumes a thorough acquaintance with Blake's poems : he quotes little and rarely refers to specific sections of the poems ; his commentaries are involved and subtle labyrinths built around the poems in which the unwary reader may get hopelessly lost and never find the golden thread that will guide him into and through the poems themselves. But for the

Blake enthusiast, for poets and students of poetry, his comparative study of symbols is an exciting and educational adventure. On the other hand, Mr. Schorer presents his interpretation of each poem in the form of a paraphrase which is liberally interwoven with quotations; and he develops his thesis clearly and straightforwardly. For the general reader Mr. Schorer's is undoubtedly the more interesting and valuable study.

Neither Mr. Schorer nor Mr. Frye attempt any detailed critical evaluation of Blake as a poet. Mr. Frye would assume that none is necessary. But Mr. Schorer, though he implies throughout his study that Blake is the greatest poet of his age, tacitly raises the question of the poetic value of the prophetic books. He and Mr. Frye have provided the basis for the answer; it is to be hoped that the next study of Blake will attempt to give it.

LEONARD CASPER

Self-Portrait by H. Rousseau

*Within the worldwide concha of the ears
of elephants, the sound of shade is soft
and green with fantasy; the blue-gum tree
is dumb; the palmate rushes slumber, lush
along a whisper stream of languid light.
Patina-patterned manzanita pales
the silence with an overtone of hush:
unborn exotic flowers dare not bloom.*

*Two startled deer, unwarned by sifting calm,
list fearful eyes to watch the muffled wings
of heat waves riff the forest fringe with rough,
aphonic motion, most momentous; then,
like faint escape of sunbreeze, highhoofed break
the embryonic membrane of the day.*

HERBERT TINSLEY

The Sufferer

When Ernest awoke he discovered that his shoes had disappeared overnight. Ernest sat on the edge of his bed for a long time, until he was fully awake ; then he searched the floor again, more carefully this time.

Ernest was not alarmed by the loss and did not for a second consider calling any of the hotel employees. He remained seated, relaxed, on the edge of his bed, gazing thoughtfully at the floor. It occurred to him in a moment that his trousers might be gone, too ; so he looked over at the chair where he had folded them last night, and found that they too were gone. He found also that his shirt was gone, and his tie, which had been at the foot of his bed, was gone and also his coat. Ernest went to the corner, still completely calm, and looked at the floor where he distinctly remembered having placed his suitcase before he retired. Ernest was not even mildly surprised by his losses ; it was almost as if he were expecting this to happen.

For a minute or two he walked about the room, shivering and talking to himself ; then he went to the door and turned the knob ten or fifteen times and found that it was still locked. Ernest walked around and around the room, kicking the walls to see if there were some kind of hidden door. Ernest knew someone must have sneaked into his room during the night, but he couldn't understand how.

It may, he thought, have been one of the hotel employees. Or it may have been a dishonest locksmith. The locksmith had picked the lock during the night and had packed Ernest's clothes in Ernest's suitcase and had departed. Or perhaps, Ernest reasoned, someone in the town had found a duplicate key along the street or in the alley behind the hotel or in the hotel lobby, and this person made raids regularly on this particular room. Ernest thought the thief should at least have had the decency to leave the door unlocked or to leave him a key.

Locked in a hotel room far from home and without any clothes, Ernest was in a terrible predicament. Ernest gave his problem much thought and concluded at last that he had only two choices : either he would have to bang noisily on the door until someone heard him and asked him what was wrong, or he would have to wait until someone came to clean the room and change the sheets on the bed. The room might not be cleaned, however, until late in the afternoon, or even not until tomorrow, or until next week, even. These cheap hotels, Ernest thought angrily, are so slovenly that anything can be expected.

Ernest's plan of banging on the door did not appeal to him, for such an action lacked dignity. He did not want a crowd running to his room and seeing him wrapped in a blanket like an Indian. Still, Ernest could not possibly remain in the hotel all day. He was expected home by seven o'clock that evening, and it was necessary that he catch the two-thirty bus. Ernest decided to stay quietly in his room until twelve o'clock, and if nobody came to clean it by then, he would pound on the door when he heard someone walking along the corridor.

Ernest lay down on the bed again. What had happened to him seemed so perfectly natural. Ernest's luck, in one way or another, had always been remarkably bad, and he sometimes wondered how he had managed to live so long. Thousands of times he had crossed busy street intersections, and not once had he been struck by an automobile. It puzzled him, with his luck, that while he was walking along some sidewalk, the branch of a tree had never broken and dropped on him. Someday he would slip on a bar of soap in the bathtub, or he would lean a little too far out of a window someday and would fall. Once he had walked under a ladder and had been struck on the head by a paintbrush. Last year he had picked up a heavy chair in the office and had ruptured himself. A few months ago he had put the wrong end of a cigar in his mouth and had burned his tongue badly.

Ernest got out of bed and went to the window and raised it. He leaned against the sill, watching several people five floors below wander along the sidewalk. The morning was warm and clean, and Ernest felt rather contented. Ernest had always enjoyed visiting a strange town, seeing the buildings and streets and people that he had never seen before and would never see again. It gave him an odd sense of freedom.

Ernest wondered what Margaret was doing now. It was ten o'clock, so undoubtedly she was at church with her mother, whom Ernest considered a religious fanatic. It had been a long time since Ernest had laughed at mother-in-law jokes. Ernest's father-in-law, an ill-tempered, nasty old man was probably at church, too; and after the service was over he would grumble to people about the sermon, the songs, or the prayers. Sometimes Ernest felt desperate when he thought about them; he disliked them intensely and sometime he disliked Margaret for listening to them.

In a few minutes Ernest walked back across the room and sat on the edge of his bed again. By now, he knew exactly what was going to happen to him:

When the manager learned that his clothes had been stolen, he would phone the police. There would be questions, and perhaps newspapermen would be on hand. Someone would offer him clothes, the police probably, and would lend him money to buy another bus ticket. Or perhaps they would wire Margaret for the money—this seemed much more likely to Ernest. The newspaper would give it a lengthy column, for so very little happened in this town. And the

newspaper in his hometown would naturally print it too, having little else to print. His wife would be angry for weeks. His father-in-law would be suspicious, and his mother-in-law would say that he was always getting into trouble. "Let him go anywhere by himself," she would say, "and something like this always happens."

So even if nobdy wired home for money to pay for clothes and a bus ticket, he would have to tell them about the incident. The story of it would surely appear in the Monday or Tuesday newspaper, and people would mention it to him for weeks.

Ernest had almost gone back to sleep when he heard somebody outside walk down the corridor and stop at his door. Ernest sat up quickly, covering himself with the blanket. Somebody unlocked the door and, without knocking, pushed it open. It was a Negro maid.

"Good morning, there," Ernest said.

"It's after ten o'clock," the woman replied and frowned at him. "Are you going to stay on here?"

Ernest laughed for a few seconds. "Well, this certainly is a funny thing, but somebody's gone and stole all my clothes."

She looked surprised. "No!" she said and began to laugh. She turned away and called to someone up the corridor, "Here's another one!"

"Will you please get me the manager?" Ernest asked coldly.

She nodded, grinning, and closed the door and went down the corridor, talking to someone. Ernest got out of bed and stared glumly across the room at the wall. He felt his chin. "I need a shave," he said.

In a little while the manager, a short, red-faced man, came quietly into the room and closed the door.

"Somebody's stole all my clothes," Ernest said.

"Don't worry," he replied and looked carefully about the room. He stuck his hands into his pockets. "Well, you sure ain't alone, mister. This here is the third room that was cleaned out last night. Why didn't you report this sooner?"

"I was asleep," Ernest said.

The manager sat down quickly and watched him. "I've got some clothes, mister, that'll fit you like a glove. I had them cleaned day before yesterday, so they're all right to wear. How much money did you lose?"

"Ten dollars and thirty-six cents."

"Are you sure it was that much? How much would you say all your clothes and things were worth?"

Ernest thought for a moment. "Seventy-five dollars."

The manager stood up. "Seventy-five? They weren't worth all that, were they?"

"Yes," Ernest said.

The manager sat back down. "I tell you what I'll do," he said presently. "I'll give you some good, high-class clothes to wear away from here, and I'll give you seventy-five dollars. This sure ain't no time to quibble. All you've got to do is to keep quiet."

"Keep quiet?" Ernest said.

"That's right. Keep quiet. If you'd rather talk than get seventy-five dollars and these clothes, all right, but you won't get nothing if you talk."

"I see," Ernest said.

"I don't want you to ever mention this to anybody. I'm going to be honest with you. The truth is, I think I've got a pretty good idea who picked these rooms last night. He's a friend of mine, you understand, but he's kind of dim up here." He tapped his head. "Now, I don't want to get this here friend of mine in any trouble, do you understand, because he's a good fellow and don't mean no harm. Besides, I don't want to give this hotel a bad name; it wouldn't do at all for this hotel to have a bad name, you understand."

"I see," Ernest said again.

"Now, you look like a good, honest, decent man to me, a good, sensible man. Why don't you forget all about this? I mean, it won't do you no good to talk, and it won't do me no good, either."

"All right," Ernest said.

The manager walked out, and in a minute he came back, carrying a suit of green clothes and the money. Ernest didn't like the clothes at all. He didn't like the color, especially, and he didn't like the style, either, and he didn't like the size. After Ernest put on the clothes, the manager told him he looked swell—the trousers were just a little big around the hips, but it wasn't noticeable. The manager said good all-wool clothes were hard to get, and he ought to consider himself lucky. The manager told him to drop by the hotel anytime he happened to be passing through town—he could stop there free.

Ernest left the hotel and walked toward the bus depot. He stopped at a restaurant for coffee and an egg sandwich, and by the time he reached the depot, it was eleven o'clock. He still had three and a half hours to kill. There were only two theaters in town, and neither opened until one o'clock.

It occurred to Ernest that when he reached home that evening, everyone would be at church. He could hide the clothes somewhere, and later he could tell them he had purchased them second-hand. He would not have to tell them what had happened at the hotel, and they would think that for once he had gone somewhere alone without having been pushed around.

Ernest was still entirely calm. He was not surprised that his clothes had been stolen, but he was surprised and a little annoyed that the affair had ended the way it had.

He had thought he would suffer humiliation, and he had not.

Actually, the thing had turned out well. He was wearing clothes made of better material. He had more money. He had no suitcase, but he could buy another tomorrow for ten dollars. The shirts and underwear and socks and shaving set could be replaced for less than twenty-five. He was making a good profit.

But Ernest, somehow, was unhappy. He was vaguely disappointed because had expected a disaster, and it had not been disastrous.

Ernest almost wanted to go back and go through it all again. He wished, also, that he had demanded more money from the desk manager, as the other two people probably had. He could have gotten it easily, he knew, because the manager seemed to have more to conceal than the alleged dim-witted friend.

Ernest left the depot and walked through the residential district and across a park and down by a river. He sat on the river bank for over an hour and tossed pebbles into the water and tried to think about something else besides the hotel incident. But when Ernest walked into the bus depot at twenty minutes past two, he still felt disappointed.

CLINTON WILLIAMS

Genesis

*beneath his fingers rough chenille
displayed the texture of surprise
and bright against the winter green
red berries gashed their sudden cries*

*sedate the whispering rubber tires
chuckled in the newborn snow
the sunday bells stood still in time
and words dissolved in frosty smoke*

*the moment trembled at the door
between the past and future fixed
the marker graven in the stone
the flickering fire upon the wick*

*herald and epitaph to fate
the churchbells dropped their frozen tones
into the downdrift of the flakes
—she closed the window on the cold*

ELLIS FOOTE

The Grammar of Violence

*"Peace to the river,
the blue reptile Columbia—"*

I

*the river is around us
we are aware of the newness of the river
or of its oldness
or that there is nothing we can say about it*

*walk to the river and she will accept you
like a weary whore
who has just finished washing the last one away
and is not violated*

*walk to the river
you will walk to your own inefaceable accuser
whose sign is forever
who will flow over you in ultimate fluid*

*rape your lips
seduce your ears and eyes
soon you will know
you are many who only act like one*

*and the river will pry you apart
with incredible crowbars of longing
the shape of your desire
is wantonly simple by the river*

II

*At Priest Rapids, where now no farmer (but the terrorist
God is His own slave and ritualist, servant and serpent—
Who less than unspeakable God spits, splits the porphyric
Earth to loosen the blind eye?) follows the bright, tortuous
Plow of the river, the rider is shaken and thrown when the broad
Beam sprains, the point splays, rises, shattered and shaken.*

*Not as between life and death, cosmos and chaos, the furore
Of water and stone seeking surcease from the violence of form :
Not as between human faith which is violence and human truth
Which is death the warfare of river and rock stupendously shatters
The ear : at the level of ears the truth is all kinds of one chaos.*

*At the level of earth one is oneself of that truth, becomes
Many—all measures within the one motion loosed downward ;
Enters a part of each wave's separate riot, writhes
In each white whorl of incredible fury, knows each rock's
Single contempt, rolling, eroding to ultimate earlier earth.*

*One, pulsing human, is torn by the fierce beat of the river,
Remembers an earlier ultimate chaos—must break away or be broken.
(As in a night by a strange, hideous ocean unspeakably vocal,
One looks away, withdrawing mind from the audible uproar, to see
Stars flecking their pinpointal flotsam—the usual unsightly
Impertinent turmoil of remote nature—until, at the level of stars
The horrified mind grasps the universe, disperses as one
With the billions of suns,—then recovers perforce to mansize,
Never perhaps to seek beyond-truth again, being sought by it.)*

III

*At White Bluffs the river is two people—
Dr Slick Surface and Mr Deep. The usual folktale
Relates the river in some places is bottomless—
Flows over immeasurable recesses, perhaps old volcanos.
Cold, the blue and intractably treacherous river
Rides earth like mind the unhistoried chasms
Of wordlessness*

*More than the hills
Of White Bluffs limit the river, the river conceived them
Conceiving which one breaks out of self again—
Like a contained water against walls of non-meaning,
What one being human could wish to avoid.*

*At Hanford, the great northwest's wartown, now desolate,
One leaves the river, remembers a violence more vocal
And meaningful—the river internalized, human.
One becomes many again, in his memory,
At the level of women and men.*

IV

*violence belongs to the parts
beyond violence to the wholeness
peace to the god*

*all things are dissipate planets
what is remembered is wholeness
what is witnessed is violence*

*the mind of the earth recalls violence
the wordable mind
is the echo of violence*

*but the earlier wholeness and ultimate
violence are one
and the same foolish word*

*no hand creates violence
neither the earlier wholeness
nor tongue tells the unspeakable god*

V

Peace to the God.—

*A little runt with runover heels, named Swazey,
A colored laborer, straight from the Mississippi—
First time away from the levee—
Brings focal the unhistory of Hanford, the war-loosened,
Money-flushed, beer-flowing, sex-ridden scene . . .*

*"Hung like a horse," Swazey boasted—
Could do any woman in, with a margin remaining unused.
Some of them fainted; all of them giggled and wanted—
Even in torture—and muzzled his mad dog eagerly.*

*"Send us more bodies," the generals of Europe insisted;
"We hear you," the inner insistence of women replied,—
"Give us more phallus." "We hear you," men answered;
"Make ready the highways, the lowways, and the lewdways."*

*When the nations play at murder
All lesser violence is sweet.*

*The wholeness was orgiastic ;
To be swept in that wholeness was health.*

*But out of the communal orgy, the new morals,
This was not lost : the lust of one man for one woman,
Whose primordial, polaric expression is jealousy.
And Swazey, the colored man, knew such a lust ;
And Mary, the colored girl, knew such a jealousy.*

*Loving her, Swazey fought back from the wholeness
Of health to the private and normal permissions of lust—
Would have made her exclusively his.
But the girl belonged—not to him—to the fury
Of nations, and Swazey ran wild.*

*Death was her last, most violent orgasm :
Nude, her natural black splattered with natural red,
Gaping once at the base of the belly, familiarly,
And again by violence at the throat,
She accused no one—not even the God.*

*Swazey they found swimming the river,
Seeking escape from, finding, the treacherous woman.
Of half-a-dozen shots fired after him,
They assumed two or three let the blood out
And the river in.*

VI

*it is confluence
where man and earth meet
earth being planetal fiat
or racial experience
earth being god
and man the godstricken loser*

*it is confluence
beginning and end
and a way out of violence
from violence to wholeness again*

*it is confluence
the blue river enormous
and red blood absorbed
seeping back to the earlier heart*

*it is confluence
and below Pasco the snake again
snake and long hollow
to sea
to the copulate wholeness
beyond and beyond*

Lost and Won

*Wearily I have won wars
And lost my sons and fathers.
Such antistrophe no more
Weaves lullaby.
It's time, then let me cry
Out the long late spending
Of gifts and gathers*

*And oh surrendering
That faith, where are
Where are you?
Where shall I in the charged void
Soundless of natural joy
Visit my peace?*

*The abiding ions flame with mute
Potentials, my power
Though I live or die,
Singing to release
The double attribute
The hope or horror
The zealous constellation I.*

*Reach us the phrasing, father,
Lonely together
Who disconcert the resolution
Within without.
What motion and music,
Death to life, devote
This lust of grief and use
Our fact with grace?
Name the nameless peace.*

CHARLES ANGOFF

What I Wanted All These Years

When he first took her out after the divorce, Martha hardly knew what to do or say. She had thought of calling the appointment off, but she had forgotten the name of the place he was working at, and calling him at home was out of the question. She just couldn't do it to Josephine, though she deserved small consideration. Besides, the whole mess was far in the past.

And of all the places to meet him—in New Haven, where she had never been before, having gone there to spend a week-end with a girl with whom she had become friendly at her new office. She and Olive were about to cross the street to the station, where she was to take the train back to New York alone, when someone tapped her on the shoulder, and there was Paul Mundy. Her face must have turned crimson red, she was so surprised, and she'd always feel grateful to Olive for having thought up an excuse to go back to her house soon after. She had told Olive about Bundy and the divorce.

He took her to the station. Her train was due in ten minutes, but upon his insistence she let it go by and they waited for the next train, which wasn't due for another forty minutes. He said he had some business in New Haven, was staying there for a few days more.

Martha was glad that she asked about Josephine, and even more glad at the ease with which she did it.

"Fine, fine," he said in his heavy voice.

"That's good," said Martha.

"I've been away a great deal all over New England. But I made a quick trip back on account of her birthday," he said.

"Oh."

Martha wondered why he brought that up. Josephine must be about twenty-three. Martha and Bundy were forty—his forty-first birthday would come in three months, April 30. Did he try to hurt her? Martha couldn't believe it. Probably a harmless remark, she thought, and she put it out of her mind.

He asked about her new job, how she liked it, and where she was living now. He took down her address and telephone number, using an old envelope and a very small pencil, just as he did long, long ago when he made his first date with her. Her heart skipped a beat at the memory. How desperately in love she had fallen with him that very first time, and how she counted the hours till he called for her! They were married in less than six weeks. Now she looked at Bundy and tried to picture him as he was on their honeymoon up in the

Adirondacks. His face had filled out somewhat, his temples were graying, and there were more lines in his forehead, but his mouth was exactly the same: small and gentle. She still loved his mouth, as she had loved it through all the twenty years of their married life.

Suddenly he said, "I'm going to call you soon as I get back."

"But Bundy," exclaimed Martha.

"I want to," he said. "I want to very much."

"Yes, but . . ."

"It will be all right," he reassured her. "Josephine won't mind. I'll tell her, if that's what's worrying you." He smiled and touched the collar of her overcoat. "I like you with collars like that," he said. Then he opened it and looked at her blouse. "Wonderful," he said. "White!"

They both smiled. He had made her wear white blouses all the years they had been married. Most of the time, that is. At first he let her wear any other color blouse once a week, then twice a week, but never more than three times a week. He used to kiss her neck all the way around when she put on a fresh white blouse.

Her train pulled in, and he kissed her on the mouth in parting. She kissed him back, he held on more tightly, kissed her again, and said, "What I wanted all these years."

She turned that remark over and over in her mind as the train speeded to New York. What did he mean? But somehow, when she walked through the Grand Central Station, the whole incident became unreal, and when she reached her apartment she put it all down as a dream. She prepared some bacon, tomatoes, and coffee for herself, and began to read the Sunday paper. Then for no particular reason she decided to go to a neighborhood movie, which she enjoyed thoroughly. She didn't know why she liked it, because it was an ordinary boy-meets-girl type of story, but it pleased her very much, and that night she slept very well.

Olive said nothing in the office the next morning. Olive had been divorced herself, and she knew when to talk and when not to talk. The middle of the week the incident of the preceding Sunday returned full blast to Martha's mind, and suddenly she remembered that Bundy had made the same remark to her a few weeks after they were married and maybe a dozen times later.

She had been completely innocent when she and Bundy were married, and she was unable to get rid of a certain reserve. He would laugh at her, but he was very patient, though even way back then she had a faint feeling that he didn't enjoy their relationship as he wanted to. As for herself, just being with him was enough. Merely touching him threw her into an ecstasy. And they did enjoy each other's company immensely. Wherever he wanted to go, what-

ever he wanted to see or hear was all right with her . . . "What I wanted all these years." . . . He had always been very happy just before he said that. She knew he was happy: the way he gripped her, the way he breathed into her ear and massaged the top of her head. She would grip him, too, but it was nothing compared to his grip, and even so it would tire her out so much that she would merely relax, a plaything in his hands. At times, she remembered, he would snap, "Why don't you do something?" The first time she heard him say that she was hurt, and he apparently knew it, because he suddenly kissed her fiercely again, as if to brush away whatever misunderstanding his remark had made . . . But was it a misunderstanding? she wondered now.

One afternoon at lunch with Olive, she blurted out, "Now I know!" Olive questioned her as to what she meant, but Martha was too embarrassed and delighted to tell Olive . . . She remembered that at the station in New Haven she had wanted to clasp Bundy's lips with her lips as tightly as possible, to dig her teeth deeply and a little painfully into his shoulder . . . Maybe he wanted to pay her a compliment just before the train pulled out, when he made that remark . . . A great tenderness for Bundy came over Martha, a sudden appreciation that she had not been the full, warm, deep-wanting woman she knew he had to have and every man has a right to expect of his wife . . .

Bundy did call as he had promised and he took Martha to dinner. The occasion was far less tense than she had feared. It was pretty matter-of-fact, lasting only an hour and a half. He said he had to run back because Josephine wasn't well. He apologized for not taking Martha home, since he had to make a train. His new home was a half-hour train ride from New York. But he promised to call again very soon.

Martha was vaguely hurt by the way he acted, so different from his manner in New Haven not long before, and she was torn between wanting to say no to him when he called again and wanting to see him just once more. He did call again exactly two days later, at her office. "I'll be at your apartment at six sharp, darling," he said.

Martha rushed home and tidied up her apartment and put on a specially nice white blouse. He seemed eager to see her, and she was delighted, but what about Josephine? Martha had never gone out with a married man before. Of course, Bundy was different, he had been her husband. Still, she was uneasy.

Bundy arrived at six o'clock sharp. He kissed Martha quickly but intensely, and with that kiss all her doubts about wanting to see him passed out of her mind. She watched him with a strange joy. Everything seemed right. She liked the way he immediately took possession of her place. Everywhere he turned he said, "Fine, fine. Just fine." Then he plumped down in an easy chair. All the time he carried with him a huge bundle. Martha looked at it and decided to say nothing. She sat down beside him in a straight chair. They looked at each other, smiling.

He broke the silence with a "Booh."

"Booh yourself," said Martha.

He grabbed her by the arm and pulled her over on his lap and began kissing her and hugging her furiously. In the middle of it all he kissed her around and around her neck. "That's for the white blouse," he whispered.

She replied by kissing him back as she had done in the station in New Haven.

Then she extricated herself and tidied up her hair and blouse. "After all, Bundy," she said slowly.

"After all, nothing," he said and handed her the package.

"What's that?" she asked.

"A big steak, cauliflower, potatoes, onions, and real rye bread," he said.

"Why?"

"To the kitchen, woman," he commanded. "We're eating in. I've been waiting for this for a long time. And don't ask questions."

Martha looked at him intently and said, "All right. But if you wanted to eat in, I could have got some things myself."

"I know. I just felt like it."

At dinner Bundy told Martha that for business reasons he would have to move to Boston or New Haven or Hartford. He tried to delay moving as long as possible. "I have to, anyway," he said.

"Why?" asked Martha.

"I'll tell you later," he said, and she did not pursue the question.

He promised to call again as he left. He had said nothing about Josephine, he didn't explain why he had to delay moving to New England—and the great delight she experienced the first few minutes of the evening turned cold and even a bit rancid. She couldn't get rid of a sense of guilt. She had kissed and hugged a man who was no longer her's but another woman's. She had very clear ideas about women who do that.

That night she didn't go to sleep till long after she went to bed. She recalled how she collapsed inside when Bundy first mentioned Josephine, and what a poor attempt she made to put on a brave front. She tried to push the incident out of her mind as the sort of vulgarity the best men indulge in sometimes. Deep down in her heart, however, she knew it was more than that, an awkward protest against her inadequacy as a wife. Then he actually brought Josephine to lunch one Sunday. He had spoken of her merely as a friend in the office, but the first moment she saw her she knew Bundy didn't tell the truth. It was the only time Martha had seen her, and later she thanked God that Bundy didn't bring her around again.

Josephine wore a tight-fitting, light-gray, striped suit, which displayed her breasts and hips to good advantage. Her dark black hair was combed back. She had big, bright eyes and full lips. At first she was a bit nervous, but soon she was completely at ease. The first time Bundy laughed at a remark Josephine made, Martha was sure they had been to bed together; it was the thick, sultry

laugh of the intimate abyss of midnight, a laugh Martha had heard from him only the first few nights of their marriage. Here, in her own house, was a young girl, in the early twenties, who had proved more successful in enchanting her husband than she herself! Martha wanted to scream, to slap her face. Instead she went through the formalities, but even the formalities brought forth anguish. Martha asked Josephine how she liked the coffee.

"Very much," said Josephine, as she smiled at Bundy. "But Bundy drinks four and five cups sometimes at lunch."

"It doesn't bother me," said Bundy with a guilty look.

At home he drank only one cup. The news that he drank more was painful news to Martha, news which indicated that some things he shared only with Josephine. Her throat became tight, and only God knows how she managed to say, "Oh, it's all right, I guess, if he does it only once in a while."

"But he does it all the time," insisted Josephine, who didn't seem to realize what she was revealing. "You should make him stop, Mrs. Bundy," said Josephine with a seriousness that was a rich mixture of concern and remembered sensuality. "I've spoken to him so many times about it."

"I'll tell him, too," said Martha, as she smiled with difficulty.

When Josephine made ready to go, she was all graciousness. "I enjoyed the lunch very much, Mrs. Bundy. Thank you."

Martha, all tense and confused inside, said, "I'm glad you did." She didn't add, "Please come again." She knew Josephine and Bundy noticed this omission, but she just couldn't help herself. And when she saw that he planned to take Josephine home, she didn't care.

After they left she walked about the room for a long time, then she dropped into a chair and burst into tears. She didn't know what to do. One minute she wanted to ask Bundy directly about him and Josephine, the next minute she thought it best to say nothing. When he returned they both said nothing, but she knew something dreadful would happen soon. It happened a month later, when he told her he wanted to marry Josephine and asked for a divorce. She pleaded with him to give their marriage another chance, but he said, and rightly so, that twenty years was long enough . . .

And now she wanted him, every bit of him, as she had never wanted him before. A new awareness struck her that he really was the one man in her life, and that she now could be the one woman in his life. She shook with so deep a yearning for him that she dug her nails deep, deep in the pillow.

The next few days she was rocked by the confusion as to what to do about it. He called her many times. Often he brought things for supper. He became more and more affectionate. It seemed like old times. So much so, in fact, that when discussing him with Olive or even some of the neighbors, she began to refer to him as her husband.

Then one evening he admitted that Josephine knew nothing about his meeting Martha.

"I thought she did. You told me so," exclaimed Martha, with fear in her voice.

"I couldn't."

"Why?"

"She's going to have a baby."

When Martha heard that she was at first intensely hurt, but immediately afterward a feeling of liberation came over her. At last she had paid the full price of all the years of suffering she had caused Bundy. He told her that the baby was expected in a few weeks, and she offered to help in any way possible.

"I'm glad to hear that," he said.

Martha did help, and with a full heart. She got several things for the baby, which he brought to Josephine, as if they were his own ideas. When the baby finally came, Bundy didn't see Martha for about a month, though he called her at the office on the telephone. She was glad when he finally came to dinner again, because she had so many things to ask about the baby. He answered all her questions in detail. This made her very happy, as did his questions of her: the kind of toys to get the baby, whether it was all right to take it out in the snow, whether it could really see anything yet. Martha found it easy to answer these questions, because during the time Bundy had been away she read up on the care of babies, having taken out several books from the library and even having written the Department of Public Health in Washington to send her infant-care pamphlets.

When he came over to her and kissed and hugged her, she responded readily, but the thought of Josephine kept her from embracing him as completely as she desired.

"Oh, darling," she sighed as her face became stern. "I am wondering . . . After all . . ."

"I know," he said. "I just can't get it out of my mind that we're still married, Martha. Not after what happened in the New Haven station."

Martha was stunned by a mixture of joy and confusion. What she had been thinking and feeling Bundy had also been thinking and feeling. Yet what could they do?

"I don't know what to say," she mumbled.

"It's not Josephine's fault," he said.

"It's not," Martha said. "It's my fault."

"It isn't any more. That's gone, no more." And he kissed her again as he had never done before, and she did likewise.

He got up and walked about the room. He went to the window and looked out. Martha watched him tenderly and fearfully. The problems involved were too important to ignore, yet she dreaded the possibility that if they did discuss them, everything would have to end and the chance to make up for those twenty years of unhappy marriage would disappear.

He continued looking out of the window. Then he said slowly, without facing her, "This is really home."

Somehow this one sentence solved all her doubts and fears. Paul Bundy still was her husband, and she still was his wife. His marriage to Josephine really was not a marriage, but a mistake for which Martha herself was responsible, and she only was sorry that destiny had used Josephine as an instrument to punish her. Martha determined to make it up to Josephine in every way possible. And the same destiny would somehow right things between Bundy and Martha, bring them back to each other.

When he left that night, she whispered to him, "Thank you, darling."

She was sure that he understood, that God understood, that the whole world understood.

THOMAS COLE

To Marianne Moore

*Yes, I've seen a straw-
berry that's had a
struggle and saw the
place where the
fragments met.*

*And I've seen
vicariously
all the minutely
conceived beasts
you draw in*

*forms (poetic?) and
words.*

*The birds
are queerly human,
the animals relations
to Greek gods
and current events.*

*Your fish rents
the sea with
knowledge of*

*the land. And your
people—
what people?—
don't exist and if
they do they're
false—that is except
to say, per se,
The Student. A
flower is a most
complicated thing.*

*Considering everything,
your views
on poetry are news
to one who finds
your gems
in perfect settings.
Surely your bite
is not so right
as your bark!
I love you*

*yet, from all evidence
of your tiny
detail, no money
(no matter how
much! . . . well, maybe . . .)
could make my house
other than your
inn—no more.
Two geniuses like two fools
only get in each other's way.*

An Initiation

I have often wished I were the owner of a cigar store—the owner, not just an employee. Perhaps, I think, if I were, I could understand men better; especially in one of their activities which has long puzzled me: how they walk in the streets—to me this has always been a tormenting enigma. Do they go fast or stop from time to time, dreaming? Do they meet others and then what do they say—if anything? Do they change their plans of going some place and go elsewhere instead? And if so, do they ever arrive even at their changed destination?

The other day I observed an elderly lady about to cross a street—I even know which street it is. She stopped, although it was quite clear that her intention was on the other side, and I am sure she was dreaming. For when she suddenly saw I observed her arrested movement (and, simultaneously, it was only then that I myself noticed I was observing it), she blushed in an old-maidenish fashion which somehow seemed at her beck and call, and looked at the sky, attempting to do so significantly, as if to indicate that something up there, which I too must surely notice, had made her stop. And her eyelashes and her hands were beating in the same rhythm; they were fluttering. Then she crossed the street but was almost hit by a passing vehicle, for in her embarrassment at having been observed and at having observed having been observed, she had obviously gone blind, and it was the mere awareness of matter running up against matter that, on the part of the driver, had saved her life. I too must have stopped, of course, long enough to witness; I remember having gone on, but having looked at the vanishing lady, even after I saw she had safely crossed; and I kept on looking as if at a riddle, for where did she go?

This was just one more instance, fortunately a clear and understandable one, to show that I don't know how people walk in the streets. I soon entered my cigar store, and the owner, as usual, was friendly, even familiar, even a little too chummy, I thought. For although I envied him, I felt he couldn't possibly know of my encounter with the lady. While he served another customer I caught myself falling into the habit of tearing little pieces of fuzzy paper or board from one of the show boxes exhibiting Smith Brothers cigars. Guiltily I looked at the owner, who smiled. "Soon Smith Brothers won't send me any more cigars," he said, and I blushed as the lady, I imagine, had blushed when I had caught her changing goals. "I can't resist," I replied, red, "It is like biting

one's nails, you just *have* to clean off the fuzzy edges." The cigar-store owner strongly chewed on his cigar which was cold in his mouth; I had never really seen him smoke. But at that critical moment something wonderful caught all my attention. I went around the curved counter and saw, neatly displayed on a piece of white cardboard, a little heap of lucent green squares of soap, the type of which I knew as well as I was unfamiliar with their black-lettered name (scrawled on a small piece of the same cardboard which crowned the heap). It was a long chemical name which had totally escaped my memory. But the owner had come with me, though inside the counter, while I had remained outside, as befits a customer. He looked at me expectantly. I asked: "Isn't this the good old pre-war soap to be used for babies and for the kitchen?" He beamed: "And not for anything else! Right!"

A deep bond had been established between us. I was very happy and proud. I casually looked at the price of the soap and found it exorbitant. The owner anticipated my judgment. "Of course, nobody is going to buy it—it is here only in memory of the pre-war housewives, high-bosomed housewives, who so used to love it; but they no longer exist." What a pious service. I thought, and again, I flatter myself, the owner must have read my thoughts for he intimated that the soap interlude had been honorably concluded: scurried, almost like a little mouse—he was short and slight and had long loose gray hair dangling around his shoulders—to the Smith Brothers display case where he counted out a dozen cigars, longish, thin, and somewhat damaged, which I at once recognized as my favorite brand. He handed them to me, smiling connivance with the Smith Brothers who would, like himself, overlook my embarrassing habit of trimming their property.

I was overwhelmed by his kindness, by the unexpectedly fortunate conclusion of the episode, so much so that it took me some time—it would of course be impossible for me to say how long—before I began wondering at this favorite brand of cigars. But there was something more miraculous than that: I had never smoked cigars before. I had forgotten, up to that moment, when he handed me the specimens (and I automatically paid for them as if the very price had been printed on the brittle tobacco or, for all I knew, on the faked leaves), that to buy smoking materials had never been my purpose in visiting his store but that it had been my envying him which had led me closer to the owner, which had me enter the store once a day, at an almost identical time, one o'clock to be still exacter, where I was greeted by the one ring of the uncircumventable bell above the door and by his mouse look of expectancy and wisdom and planning.

He knew. He had known for an incredibly long time that eventually he would catch me. In fact, he had caught me the very first time I set foot into his store: he had known I would return. I would become his customer in the only official and recognized way: buying cigars for smoking purposes. *He* knew how *I*

walked in the streets ; he knew that whatever else I did, whatever else occurred to me while walking in the streets, I would come to his store at one o'clock and in so doing succumb, at last but inevitably, to my fate. I don't think in the least that he jagged the edges of the Smith Brothers show case in order to tempt me, to seduce me : it was not necessary ; they got ragged in the natural process of unpacking, and I don't think the owner had the slightest mischief in him which would, even unconsciously, have led him to be especially clumsy, let us say, in opening them. No, the Smith Brothers did not know him ; they were mere out-fitters, living in utterly unknown parts, and my owner did not need knowing anything in their direction ; the mails took care of all that, of all that impossible. When in this redeeming-sealing episode he smiled connivance with the merchandisers, he only fell prey to his own kindness, extending a little of his wisdom to that company, as if they needed it—of course, they didn't, since it was something entirely foreign to them that they could not possibly assimilate.

Ever since I can think—O beautiful revelation ; and I owe it all to the cigar-store owner—I had been attracted by his store, and it was on my way home from school that I began stopping by. When I was quite young I knew I could sneak in, under the mask of unconcerned worldliness, looking around (everyday at about the same time—but he would forgive me) as if knowing beforehand that I could surely not find what I was really looking for ; but later, when I had lost this innocence, I was more explicit, asking—if possible not himself but one of his ever-changing, always young employees—for something which I either knew he did not have or the price of which was quite out of my reach. Perhaps it was this which made the green, lucent soap figure so decisively at the critical moment : it was unbelievably answering all my dreams of the real and it was as unbelievably expensive—and he had it ! A wonderful, inscrutably deep man ! He approved of me when I recognized the soap by rewarding me, finally, only with the cigars which were my brand.

But I was more than happy, while all this swirled through my head. I felt my cheeks flush with the idea of telling him of the lady whom I had seen stopping at the rim of the sidewalk because, surely, he would be able to explain to me why she had stopped. But another thought prolonged my standing there in the store, slowly puffing my cigar, no doubt to the amusement of the owner who so clearly and unavoidably read my thoughts and feelings, namely, just this : that he so clearly and unavoidably read my thoughts and feelings. But, it suddenly dawned on me, no *more* than this : he did not know the reason why the lady had stopped, whither she had been directed prior to the interruption, and whither then. For the lady was not one of his customers ; she did not smoke nor had she ever been tempted to, nor had she ever wondered how people walk in the streets and had hopefully looked, in her wondering, to the owner of the cigar store.

Thus, after the climax of my exploratory relations with him (after I myself began to smoke my favorite brand, Smith Brothers), my estimation of the owner somewhat changed ; in a way I had become more like him, envisaging his limita-

tions. He knew his customers and he knew how his customers walked in the streets. For it was their guilts, their temptations, their destinies, which led them to his store which regulated their lives, which made them stop in their walk or pursue it at the same or at an accelerated pace : but of others he knew nothing, at least not if he was the kind person I was firmly convinced he was. If he was *not* kind, if he was malicious in trying to extend his spider thoughts to non-customers, he could not know even his patrons, for only a profound sympathy for his bunch made him their guide, their godfather, their motherly haven. Were the others, in some blind way, attached to the Smith Brothers and their kind? I at once blamed myself for such restricted a view of the world, for my ingratitude to the cigar-store owner—to reduce the certainly incomprehensible variety of human ways to him and the Smith Brothers. Indeed I was ungrateful to the owner, and I saw him being deprived of security in guiding me and his other customers as I thus doubted his wisdom and kindness by my speculations worthy, almost, of an idiot or, at least, of a spoiled child. I must never have such thoughts, I told myself, for the owner would not know them, and my rebellion would criminally endanger the order in this world.

I hurried back to the store, half sick with my first smoking experience, and while I saw an especially beaming expression on the owner's face, I bought another dozen of Smith Brothers, putting them into my pocket with trembling fingers and noticing just before I fainted that the owner, having replaced his face's glory with anxiety, caught me in his arms and dragged me into the holy of holies, the backroom of his store, where he laid me down on a couch and hugged me, the tears flowing freely from his kind, wise eyes.

SISTER M. BERNETTA

Barberry

*You are like a coat of arms,
Scarlet heraldry,
Little bush with thorny stalks,
Meaningful to me!*

*All the stabbing minutes that
Go to make my day
Here are ranged along the walk,
Bordering its gray.*

Two Poems by BYRON VAZAKAS

This Awkward Time

*Time hastens, as I wish time far
away, stumbling through stubble,
hurrying up the slope to where
the cemetery stones tell me . . .*

*But I am deaf and blind. The
adequate cut granite darkens
among the melting snow, and
grows fixed in the stony sockets*

*Of its own strict stare. Here a
mother lies, and a mother's
mother; and a husband who took
wife that I, among these storm-*

*Black trees, might stand against my
thoughts' enormity. There is
hardly time to prepare. Yet
there was time for the things*

*That brought me here. I will not
think beneath these withered
tufts of grass, nor of the ice-
filled water trickling. But*

*Beyond the toppled metal vases and
the rusted iron gate the restless
leaves of a midsummer night
brought lovers closer in a shiver*

*Of delight and fear. It was the hour
of which the dead will never speak,
but signify by being here. There
is now for us only this awkward time.*

The Last Cortège

*The cortège descends pearl-grey
Fifth avenue. The horses'
hoofs echo across the hollow
thoroughfare. Discreet as a*

*Death, smart shops repeat plate-
glass condolences, transparent
as we pass. The kid-glove
obsequies utter no grief;*

*Formality attends the swaying
censors in cathedral naves
whose requiems are history.
The scented women and the*

*Dark-clothed men invite no
inference of tears. The
past is done; the present
hoards mementoes like a*

*Decent ritual. And now, beyond
the heart's retentive grief,
the child perceives perspectives
of discarded clothes. Emptiness*

*Becomes tangible, as though death
itself were a thing, and more
than a gaping accident. Where
marble slabs receive the nervous*

*Crisis and the melted wax, the
incidental has the energy of
drugs . . . To the shivering child
the darkening cemetery is a*

*Thunder-cloud becoming permanent;
the tomb-stones a cubistic dream.
The wind, a storm-bewildered
breath, the slap of rain,*

*Intensify, like fear, his suffering.
The mourners chat and slowly
move away. He walks alone
in a Picasso void.*

JOSEPH CHERWINSKI

Nothing Is Lost

*Transparent belly of the wind
Reveals the eaten leaves,
They lie in mangled sheaves;*

*And birds of summer, neatly skinned,
Hang on hooks of frost,
Their frail feet crossed.*

*Accounted for by reason,
All ravage has its season.
Nothing is lost.*

MELVILLE JACOBS

A Review

THE THEORY OF HUMAN CULTURE. by James Feibleman, 1946, 361 pp., Duell Sloan and Pearce, New York. \$5.00.

James Feibleman, a professor of philosophy, has ventured to provide for anthropology analyses and weightings of the major processes of change in cultures, the major types of cultural structure, and the essential features of culture itself. Every scientific or scholarly field can gain from the independent review or re-examination of its labors by the skilled philosophical worker. There is constant need for his cooperation in estimating the progress of each specialist field, where he points out its most significant discoveries, methods, and trends and relates them to the rest of knowledge. The workers of each field can thus improve their comprehension of their own tasks and achievements, as well as the things they still need to do. The philosopher presumably has the degree of objectivity, apartness and breadth of perspective to perceive what may elude the specialist who too frequently tends towards total immersion in the gathering of data and ironclad habituation to the employment of conventional procedures without full awareness of their meanings and relationships.

In order to provide this kind of interpretive service for a social science, the philosopher must have a rigorous training in the philosophy of history and social science. In anthropology specifically he must also familiarize himself with the methods of scientific work devised by archeologists, scientific linguists and ethnologists on the job, and with their factual discoveries and theories.

The regrettable thing about Feibleman's attempt is that it has failed completely, due both to his unacquaintance with the philosophy of science as applied to a historical or social discipline, and to his fragmentary knowledge of the science of anthropology. Errors of fact or discarded interpretations such as are exemplified in the following would flunk a student in a freshman course in anthropology: Pueblo Indians hunted Buffalo; Paleolithic peoples lived in caves and made their way in the interstices between glacial epochs; most primitive cultures subscribed to totemism and exogamy; primitive formal education was

confined to the dance ; the basic ideological patterns of English culture are revealed in English syntax, accident and phonology. Hundreds of assertions of like merit could be gleaned from his volume. Feibleman is patently unfamiliar with modern work in the anthropological fields of prehistory, cultural anthropology, art, and scientific linguistics.

The least that can be expected of a philosopher who tries to interpret a science is an acquaintanceship with it in its contemporary form. The virtue in Feibleman's work lies solely in the fact that he recognizes the need for a survey of anthropology's discoveries regarding the nature and processes of culture. But his pages lack value for professional workers and can serve only to confuse or misinform the non-anthropologist regarding the contributions of that science. An up-to-date theory of the types, processes, and nature of cultures remains to be written.

